THE LILY.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND LITERATURE.

Published by a Committee of Ladies.---TERMS---Fifty Cents a Year, in Advance.

VOL. I. By Amelia Bloomer SENECA FALLS, NOVEMBER 1, 1849. NO. 11.

Written for the Lily.

A Tribute to Father Mathew.

BY J. WILLARD GLIDDEN.

Brave champion in a noble cause,
All honor to thy toil;
Who comes from distant shores afar,
To tread our favor'd soil;
Who comes with healing words of power,
To soothe the wounded heart,
And bid our country's direst foe
From cheerless homes depart.
No pageantry of pomp, or show,
Thou askest of the crowd;
But hearts with gratitude upraised,
Will speak thy praise aloud.
Thy guerdon is the pledge that saves—
Thy voice the voice of love,
And fervent prayers for thee ascend
To heaven's bright throne above.
Pass on! and soon may'st thou behold
Thy captive brothers free,
Enjoying God's most precious gift,
The sweets of liberty.
Where'er thou art, be honor thine,
Upon Columbia's soil;
Where'er thou art may heaven deign
To bless thy useful toil.

Clarendon, Sept., 1849.

From Graham's Magazine for October.

A HARMLESS GLASS OF WINE.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Rose, dear," said Mrs. Carleton to her daughter, whom she met at the door of the dining-room, with a decanter of wine and glasses on a waiter, "who is in the parlor?"

"Mr. Newton," replied the young girl.

"The young man from New York?"

"Yes."

"You are going to take him wine?"

"Yes. It is only hospitable to offer him some refreshment."

Mrs. Carleton stood with her eyes resting on the floor for some moments, in a thoughtful attitude.

"I rather think, Rose," said she, as she lifted her eyes to her daughter's face, "that it would be as well not to hand him wine."

"Why, mother?" inquired Rose, looking curious.

"We know nothing of the young man's previous life and habits."

"Why do you say that, mother?" asked Rose, who did not comprehend the meaning of what had been uttered.

"He may have been intemperate."

"Mother! How can you imagine such a thing?"

"I know nothing of him whatever, my child," replied Mrs. Carleton, "and do not wish to wrong him by an unkind suspicion. My suggestion is nothing more than the dictate of a humane prudence. I have recently had my thoughts turned to the subject of intemperance, and, by many forcible illustrations, have been led to see that the use of even wine, unrestrictedly, is fraught with much danger. We never can know whose perverted taste we may inflame, when we set even wine before guests of whose history we know nothing. It is, therefore, wiser to refrain. But you have left Mr. Newton alone, and must not linger here. Do not, however, present him with wine. After he is gone we will talk on this subject again; when I think you will be satisfied that my present advice is good."

Rose left the wine on the sideboard, and went back to the parlor, wondering at what she had heard. After the young man had gone away, she joined her mother, when the latter said—

"You seemed surprised at my remarks a little while ago; and I was, perhaps, as much surprised when like suggestions were made to me.—But when, from indisputable evidence, we become aware that our actions may wrong others, we are bound by every consideration to guard against such injurious results. You know how painfully afflicted the family of Mr. Delaney has been, in consequence of the intemperate habits of Morton?"

"Yes. Poor Flora! the last time I was with her, he passed us in the street so much intoxicated that he almost staggered. Her heart was so full that she could not speak, and when I left her, a little while afterward, her eyes were ready to gush over with tears."

"Unhappy young man! So young, and yet so abandoned."

"Until I met him, as just said, I thought he had reformed his bad habit of drinking," said Rose.

"It was in order to refer to this fact that I mentioned his name just now," returned her mother. "He did attempt to do better, and for some months kept fast hold of his good resolutions. But, in an evil hour, he fell, and his temptress was a young girl of your own age, Rose. A few weeks ago he went to New York on business. While there, he visited the house of a relative, where wine was presented to him by a beautiful cousin, and he had not the resolution to refuse the sparkling draught. He tasted, and—you have seen the result."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Rose, "I would not have that cousin's feelings for the world!"

"She acted as innocently as you would have done just now, my daughter."

"Was she not aware of his weakness?"

"No. Nor had she ever been told that, for one whose taste is vitiated, it is dangerous, in the highest degree, to take even a glass of wine."

"I am so glad that I did not offer wine to Mr. Newton!" said Rose, drawing a long breath.

"Mr. Newton," returned the mother, "may never have used intoxicating drinks to excess.—He may not be in danger from a glass of wine."

"But I know nothing of his previous life."

"And, therefore, it is wisest to take counsel of prudence. This is just what I want you to see for yourself. To such an extent has intemperance prevailed in this country, that the whole community, to a certain extent, have perverted appetites, which are excited so inordinately by any kind of stimulating drink as to destroy, in too many instances, all self-control. Another case, even more painful to contemplate than that of Morton Delaney, occurred in this city last week. I heard of it a day or two since. A beautiful young girl was addressed by a gentleman who had recently removed here from the South; and her friends seeing nothing about him to warrant disapprobation, made no objection to his suit. An engagement soon followed, and the wedding was celebrated a few days ago. The father of the bride gave a brilliant entertainment to a large and elegant company. The choicest wines were used more freely than water, and the young husband drank with the rest. Alas! before the evening closed he was so much intoxicated that he had to be separated from the company; and, what is worse, he has not been sober for an hour since."

"Oh, what a sad, sad thing!" exclaimed Rose.

"It is sad, sad indeed! What an awakening from a dream of exquisite happiness was that of the beautiful bride! It now appears that the young man had fallen into habits of dissipation, and afterward reformed. On his wedding night he could not refuse a glass of wine. A single draught sufficed to rekindle the old fire, that was smouldering, not extinguished. He fell, and, so far, has not risen from his fall, and may never rise."

"You frighten me!" said Rose, while a shudder went through her frame. "I never dreamed of such danger in a glass of wine. Pure wine I have always looked upon as a good thing. I did not think that it would lead any one into danger."

"Even the best of things, my child, may be turned to an evil purpose. The heat and light of the sun is received by one plant and changed into a poison, while another converts it into healthy and nourishing food. Pure wine will not excite a healthy appetite, although it may madden one that has become morbid through intemperance. Here is the distinction that ought to be made."

"Is it not dangerous, then, to serve wine in promiscuous companies?"

"Undoubtedly. I did not think so a little while ago, because the subject was not presented to my mind in the light that it now is. To this custom I can well believe that hundreds who had begun the work of restricting their craving appetites owe their downfall. Where all are partaking, the temptation to join in is almost irresistible; especially, as a refusal might create a suspicion against the individual that he was afraid to trust himself."

"I will be very careful how I offer wine to any

one again," said Rose. "I would not have the guilt of tempting a man to ruin upon my conscience for all the world."

"The more I ponder the subject," remarked Mrs. Carleton, "the more surprised am I at myself and others. I invite some friends to an entertainment, or to spend a social evening, and I serve wine to my guests. Among them is a man who has fallen into intemperate habits at one time of life, and whose present sobriety is dependent upon his rigid observance of the rule of total abstinence. He is, it may be, the husband of my most cherished friend. I place wine before him with the rest. He is tempted to break his rule, and falls. Ah, me! How many hundreds of such cases occur in our large cities."

Mrs. Carleton was a widow in easy circumstances, and moved in fashionable society. She entertained a good deal of company, and did it in the fashionable way. When gentlemen called at her house, wine was invariably set before them; and when she gave parties, wine was always served to her guests. But, suddenly startled into reflection, she saw that the practice was a dangerous one, and determined to abandon it. On this resolution she acted, much to the surprise of many of her acquaintances. Some said she was "queer,"—others decided that it was a foolish notion; while others pronounced her conduct positively absurd. But she did not in the least swerve from her purpose. Wine was no more placed before her guests.

The visits of Mr. Newton to Rose, which at first were only occasional, became more and more frequent. A mutual attachment ensued, which ended in marriage. No wine was provided at the wedding party—to many a strange omission—and Rose observed that at the parties given them by friends her husband invariably let the wine pass him untasted. Curious to know the reason for such abstemiousness, she one day, some months after marriage, said to him—

"Do you never drink wine?"

The question caused Newton to look serious; and he replied in a simple monosyllable.

"Don't you like it?" inquired Rose.

"Yes; too well perhaps."

The way in which this was said half startled the young wife. Newton saw the effect of his words, and forcing a smile said—

"When quite a young man, I was thrown much into gay company, and there acquired a bad habit of using all kinds of intoxicating drinks with a dangerous freedom. Before I was conscious of my error, I was verging on rapidly to the point of losing all self-control. Startled at finding myself in such a position, I made the resolution to abandon the use of every thing but wine. This, however, did not reach the evil. The taste of wine excited my appetite to such a degree that I invariably resorted to brandy for its gratification. I then abandoned the use of wine, as the only safe course for me, and with occasional exceptions, have strictly adhered to my resolution. In a few instances, young ladies, at whose houses I visited, have presented me with wine, and not wishing to push back the proffered refreshment, I have tasted it. The consequence was invariable. A burning desire for stronger stimulants was awakened, that carried me away as by an irresistible power. You, Rose, never tempted me in this way. Had you done so, we might not have been as happy as we are to-day."

A shudder passed through the frame of the young wife, as she remembered the glass of wine she had been so near presenting to his lips. Never afterward could she think of it without an inward tremor. And fears for the future mingled with her thoughts of the past; but these have proved groundless fears, for Mr. Newton has no temptation at home, and he has resolution enough to refuse a glass of wine in any company, and on all occasions. Herein lies his safety.

"What! refuse a harmless glass of wine?" will sometimes be said to him. To this he has but one answer.

"Pure wine may be harmless in itself; so is light—yet light will destroy an inflamed eye."

☞ As the gentlemen manifest much interest and express a great deal of anxiety in these days about our dress we lay the following before our lady readers for their consideration. It will do no hurt certainly for us to know what the gentlemen think of our dress, yet we presume the greater part of us will consult our own tastes in the matter, let them say what they please. {Ed. Lily.

Bad Habits.

To every one of you, ladies, I believe I can say with a safe conscience—

"I do, as my duty,
Honor the shadow of your shoe-tie."

I claim, however, that shoe-ties, to be honored, should be seen. At present, they are enveloped in such a longitude of the skirts as utterly extinguishes them. Every now and then, we find you, dear ladies, under some monstrous extravagance of attire, as wide sleeves, archnoid waists, &c.—Now the reigning solecism is over-long gowns.—It is a case which may almost excite some doubts as to the soundness of the feminine understanding. So entirely does it seem to defy all the ordinary rules of common sense. Ah, gentle dames! but let us look into the matter a little in detail.

See yonder lady moving along the pavement, like "Troy's proud dames, whose garments swept the ground." Very well for Trojan dames, perhaps, to indulge in such dress in sounding epic; but oh! look at the modern imitatrix of modern England! It has been a damp morning, and the flag-stones are bespattered with mud. Our fine lady's skirts just skim this soft substance, and behold! they are thickly dabbled for a few inches upward with mud, which they have communicated in no small quantities to her shoes and stockings. She dares not hold up her skirts to save them from further pollution, because they would expose a state of matters about her feet and ankles, at which everybody's eyes would revolt.—She, therefore, walks desperately on, knowing she is always getting worse, yet unable to help herself until she shall reach home, by which time she will be in a state fit only for considerations of her maid, to whom I leave her. Is this reasonable treatment, either for silk or mousseline delaine? Is it doing justice to a pair of the neatest shoes in the world? Is it right to visit mortal shoes and stockings with such indignity.

Were there any irresistible elegance in long skirts, I would, dear ladies, have some little sympathy in your submitting, for its sake, to these inconveniences. But the fact is, that while a trail is a fine thing in a state-room, a trailing gown is an unpleasant thing to look upon in the street.—We cannot admire anything, if it grossly shocks rationality; therefore, we cannot admire long skirts in a walking dress. It is the plainest and most uncontrovertable syllogism. Skirts which leave the feet free to move without being touched by them, fulfill the common-sense idea of the matter, and are felt to be handsomer accordingly. There is what I may call a positive or absolute grace, in the neat-shod female feet seen moving smartly along a city way. A woman should not be a purely bell-shaped object. The feet are required for the basis of the figure, otherwise a painful sense of incompleteness and imperfection possesses us. I am not prepared to advocate the Sclavonian brevity of petticoat, with a supplement of frilled trousers; perhaps our habits of feeling forbid the hope of such a fashion ever being introduced; but I certainly recommend that the skirts of walking dresses should never come within three inches of the ground with a supplement or not. [Chamber's Edinburgh Jour.

Frederika Bremer.

This talented Swedish authoress, whose charming domestic tales have been read with delight by thousands in the United States, arrived at Boston in one of the last steamers, and is now on a visit to some friends at Newburgh. It is her intention to spend some time in the United States. She will be cordially welcomed wherever she goes. The following autobiography of Miss B. has been translated and published by Mary Howitt an intimate friend of the authoress:

If it should so happen that, as regards me, any one should wish to cast a kind glance behind the curtain which conceals a somewhat eventful life, he may discover that I was born on the banks of the Aura, a river which flows through Abo, and that several of the venerable and learned men of the university were even my godfathers. At the age of three, I was removed, with my family, from my native country, Finland. Of this part of my life, I have only retained one single memory. This memory is a word, a mighty name, which in the depths of Paganism, was pronounced by the Finish people with fear and love; and is still so pronounced in these days, although perfected by Christianity. I still fancy that I often hear His word spoken aloud over the trembling earth by the thunder of Thor or by the gentle winds which bring it to refreshment and consolation. That word is—Jumala; the Finish name for God, in both Pagan and Christian times.

If any one kindly follows me from Finland into Sweden, where my father purchased an estate after he had sold his property in Finland, I would not trouble him to accompany me from childhood to youth, with the inward elementary chaos, and the outward, uninteresting, and common place picture of a family which every autumn removed in their covered carriage, from their estate in the country to their house in the capital; and every spring turned back again from their house in the capital to their country seat; nor how there were young daughters in the family who played on the piano, sang ballads, read novels, drew, in black chalk, and looked forward with longing glances, to the future, when they hoped to see and do wonderful things. With humility, I must confess, I always regarded myself as a heroine.

Casting a glance into the family circle, it would be seen that they collected, in the evening, in the great drawing-rooms of their country house, and read aloud; that the works of the German poets were read, especially Schillrr, whose Don Carlos made a profound impression upon the youthful mind of one of the daughters in particular.

A deeper glance into her soul will show that a heavy reality of sorrow was spreading, by degrees a dark cloud over the splendor of her youthful dreams. Like early evening it came over the path of the young pilgrim of life; and earnestly, but in vain, she endeavored to escape. The air was dimmed as by a heavy fall of snow, darkness increased, and it became night. And in the depth of that endless winter night, she heard lamenting voices from the east, and from the west; from plant and animal; from dying nature and despairing humanity; and she saw life, with all its beauty, its love, its throbbing heart, buried alive beneath a chill covering of ice. Heaven seemed dark and void; there seemed to her no eyes, even as there was no heart. All was dead, or rather, all dying—excepting pain.

There is a significant picture, at the commencement, in every mythology. In the beginning, there is a bright, and warm, and divine principle, which allies itself to darkness; and from union of light and darkness; of fire and tears—proceeds a God. I believe that something similar to this takes place in every human being who is born to a deeper life, and something similar took place in her who writes these lines.

Looking at her a few years later, it will be seen that a great change has taken place in her. Her eyes have long been filled with tears of unspeakable joy; she is like one who has arisen from the grave to a new life. What has caused this change? Have her splendid youthful dreams been accomplished? Is she a heroine? Has she become victorious in beauty, or renown? No; nothing of this kind. The illusions of youth are past—the season of youth is over. And yet she is again young; for there is a freedom in the depth of her soul, and "let there be light" has been spoken above its dark chaos; and the light

...penetrated the darkness, and illumined the ..., whilst, with her eyes fixed upon that light, ... exclaimed with tears of joy, "Death, where ... thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?

...any a grave since then has been opened to ...ceive those whom she tenderly loved; many a ... has been felt since then; but the heart ...rests joyfully, and the dark night is over. Yes, ... is over; but not the fruit which it has borne: for there are certain flowers which first unfold in the darkness; so is it also in the midnight hours of great suffering. the human soul opens itself to the light of the eternal stars.

If it be desired to hear anything of my writings, it may be said that they begin in the eighth year of my age, when I apostrophised the moon in French verses, and that during the greater part of my youth I continued to write in the sublime strain. I wrote under the impulse of restless youthful feelings—I wrote in order to write. Afterwards, I seized the pen under the influence of another motive, and wrote—that which I had read.

At the present time, when I stand on the verge of the autumn of my life, I still see the same objects which surrounded me in the early days of my spring, and I am so happy as still to possess, out of many dear ones, a beloved mother and sister. The mountains which surround our dwelling, and upon which Gustavus Adolphus assembled his troops, before he went as a deliverer to Germany, appear to me not less beautiful than they were in the days of my childhood; they have increased in interest, for I am now better acquainted with ther grasses and flowers.

THE SLIGHT COLD.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

My niece Ada, a beautiful, but fragile girl, came to the city to spend the winter with me a few years ago.

"Ada is very delicate and very imprudent," wrote my sister. "Unless you are watchful over her, she will expose herself and endanger her health."

"Mother is so afraid," was Ada's reply to my first remonstrance against exposing herself to a humid atmosphere in a thin dress. "I'm not so delicate as she thinks."

"Your mother knows best," said I. "Your constitution is delicate, and will not bear the shocks that others can sustain. Of all things, you should avoid cold.

While my niece was replying to this, I for the first time, noticed a slight huskiness in her voice. We were sitting near a window, and her neck was bare. I closed the window instantly.

"Oh dear! aunt. You will suffocate me. I can hardly breathe now."

"In that case," I remarked, "the oppression arises less from a close atmosphere than from the fact of your having taken cold."

"Cold!" she replied, in a light voice. "How afraid you all are of colds! I've got no cold; and, if I had, it's no killing matter. Every body is subject to colds. I hope I may never have a worse disease."

A slight cough and a clearing of the throat followed this remark, and I observed her lay her hand upon her breast as if she felt a sense of uneasiness. It was about the closing in of twilight, and Ada had come down from her chamber, dressed for a party to which we were invited that evening. My objection to the thinness with which she was dressed, as I have intimated, was the occasion of the words that passed between us. The weather was warm; but there had been several rainy days and the air was, in consequence, loaded with vapor.

By the time we were ready to start, I observed that Ada cleared her throat more frequently, and that the slight cough, before observed, continued. I felt uneasy, and the more so, because I could not make the smallest impression on the girl's mind.

"You've taken cold, dear," said I, as we were entering the house where the evening's entertainment was to be enjoyed—"and you must be carefull."

"It's very slight, aunt; it's nothing. Don't give yourself any uneasiness. I'll dance it all away before an hour," she replied, laughing.—"You're just like mother; alarmed when the shadow of a cloud falls on me. But, it's all trouble for nothing. A little cold don't hurt other people, and won't hurt me."

A light-hearted, happy girl, Ada entered into the enjoyment of the evening with a buoyancy and delight that was pleasant to look upon. In almost every set that was danced, she was on the floor, and her hand was constantly engaged.

About eleven o'clock, I found her sitting near an open window, fanning herself, and panting for breath. Her eyes were unusually bright and her cheeks flushed. As I sat down by her side, the cough that had troubled her early in the evening, sounded out more distinct, and had a husky, wheezing tone. I threw my handkerchief over her neck instantly. But she drew it away, and said,

"I'm hot as I can be now, aunt; and want to be cooled instead of warmed. I don't feel a breath of air."

I took hold of her hand, and found the skin dry. and warmed beyond a healthy temperature. I touched her cheek; it was dry and hot.

"You have a fever, Ada!" said I, feeling instant alarm.

"I shouldn't wonder," was her answer; "for I feel as if I were before a grate."

"Hadn't we better go home?"

"Oh, no, no! I'm not sick. Only a little overheated. It will pass off in a few minutes." And she fanned herself rapidly.

Leaving her, I sought out my husband, and told him of Ada's condition and my own fears.—He was conversing with our family physician, who said instantly—

"She must go directly home; and to guard against danger, I will call in soon after your arrival."

It required almost a command to get Ada away. By the the time we arrived at home she was really sick; and needed medical attendance when the physician came. Her cough had grown deeper and hoarser; her cheeks were more flushed; and her fever had increased. She complained, also, of pain and oppression in her chest.

On the next day, she was so seriously indisposed, that I became alarmed, and wrote to her mother, who repaired to the city without a moment's delay. She found Ada dangerously ill. It was weeks before the crisis was fully passed, and then her feeble body came back to health so slowly that weeks more elapsed ere she was able to bear the fatigue of a journey home.

I parted with her under a sad presentment that I should never see her again. And so it proved. She drooped for a few months, like a sickly flower, and then fell to the earth, leaving the hearts of her parents almost crushed by the pain of bereavement.

Thus terminated a slight cold which the victim regarded too lightly. Hundreds pass, yearly, from the earth—hundreds of our most beautiful, accomplished and lovely maidens—from causes slight as that which robbed us of Ada. They will not hear the voice of warning. They are unconscious of danger. The fatal arrow speeds from the string, and buries itself in their hearts, ere the shadow of evil is seen approaching. In hope that some may take the alarm, I present this little history of an event that robbed us of one most tenderly beloved, and left a wound that was years in healing. [Ladies' Wreath.

A Striking Illustration.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit association. The Blacksmith comes and says, "Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."—"Well what can yon do?" "Oh, I can shoe your horse, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of iron impliments." "Very well, come in Mr. Blacksmith." The mason applies for admission into the Society. "And what can you do, Mr. Mason?" "Oh, I can build your barns and houses, and stables and bridges." "Very well, come in, we can't do without you." "Along comes the Shoe-maker, and says, "I wish to become a member of your society." "Well, and what can you do?" "I can make boots and shoes for you." "Come in, Mr. Shoemaker; we must have you."

So in turn apply all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes and wants to become a member. "And what are you?" "I am a Rumseller." "A Rumseller! and what can you do?" "I can build jails, and prisons, and poor-houses." "And is that all?" "No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor-houses with paupers." "And what else can you do?" "I can bring down the grey hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friend of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt." "Is that all you can do?" "Good heavens!" cries the rumseller "is not that enough?" [Pough. Blacksmith.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN THE UNITED STATES.—The last ten years have cost the public directly the sum of $500,000,000. and indirectly, including losses by fire and water, (the immediate effects of drunkenness.) $600,000,000.

If, then, we judge of the magnitude of a cause by its effects, how great must be this "Diana" of the Americans. Yet the people of the United States, the freest government under Heaven, are content to sit with folded arms, deplore, and endure almost without a murmur, the greatest curse ever inflicted upon any community. No wonder, then if in view of these facts, and the magnitude of the evil, the friends of temperance and humanity, from Maine to Texas, are begining to adopt the "legal suasion" argument and determine, as one man, to carry on a war of *aggression* upon the *infamous traffic*, until the world is rid of the tyranny of intemperance, and the supporters of the traffic receive ther just dues at the hands of an outraged community. This information we give as a "sign of the times"—yet, we doubt not, that public sentiment will be so moulded in a few months, that the measures alluded to above will be fully and literally carried into effect, being the only remedy adequate to the disease.

[Ohio Organ.

PLEDGING.—"You complain of my taking the Pledge," said a reclaimed man in Kent, to an anti-teetotal acquaintance. "Strong drink has occasioned me to have more to do with pledging than ever teetotalism has. When I was a consumer of liquor, I pledged my coat, I pledged my bed, in short, everything that was pledgable, and was losing every hope and blessing when teetotal truth met me and convinced me of my folly.—Then I pledged myself. and by so doing, soon got my other things out of pledge, and got more than my former property about me."

"Who has not seen amidst the multitude some countenance to which he turns, and turns again, with strange wonder and delight, assigning to it an appropriate character and place in scenes even the most remote from the present, and following up, in idea, the different trains of thought by which its expression is varied, and its intelligence communicated? Yet this face may not be in itself, strictly speaking, beautiful; but, like the painting or the statue, it has the power to awaken the most pleasing associations." [Mrs. Ellis.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is a vase which when flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once: it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

Female Printers and Editors.

We present our readers with a curious scrap of information relative to those of our own sex who have discharged the duties of printers and publishers. We hope that others may derive as much pleasure from its perusal as it has afforded us. We would particularly commend it to the attention of those sensitive ones who think a woman incapable of doing anything beyond the narrow sphere of her own home, and who are shocked at the impropriety, and cry out against the indelicacy, and want of modesty in those who dare venture upon a similar step at the present day. Verily our grandmothers knew their rights and could maintain them. All honor be to those noble women who have done such good service for their country!

Anne Franklin. The first newspaper printed in Rhode Island, was at Newport, in 1732, James Franklin, a brother of the Doctor, was publisher. He died soon after, and his widow continued the business several years. She was a printer to the colony, supplied blanks to the public offices, published pamphlets, &c. The Newport Mercury, which is now regularly issued, grew out of this printing office in 1756, and is the oldest paper in the country. In 1745, Mrs. F. printed for the government an edition of the laws, containing 340 pages. She was aided in her office by her two daughters. They were correct and quick compositors and very sensible women. A servant of the house usually worked at the press. George Dexter, an early settler of Providence, usually worked for her when she had a large job, or an almanac to get out. It seems printing with type was not her only business.—Read her advertisement.

"The Printer hereof, prints linens, calicoes, silks, &c., in figures, very lively and durable colors, and without the offensive smell which commonly attends linen printed here."

Mrs. Sarah Goddard, was also a printer at Newport, in 1776. She was born in Rhode Island, and widow of Giles Goddard, a printer of New London. She received a good education, and was well acquainted with many branches of literature. She had the management of a newspaper, and conducted it with much ability for two years, when John Carter associated with her, under the firm of Sarah Goddard & Co.

Mrs. Margaret Draper, was the widow of Richard Draper. She published the Massachusetts Gazette and Boston News Letter, after his death. It was the first paper established in North America. All the newspapers excepting hers ceased to be published when Boston was besieged by the English. She left Boston with the British army and went to England, where a pension was settled upon her by the government, for life.

Mrs. Cornelia Bradford, was the widow of Andrew Bradford, who died in Philadelphia, in 1742. She continued the printing business for a number of years, and retired with a sufficiency of "wordly lucre."

In the same city, Mrs. Jane Atkins, at the death of her father, in 1802, continued the business. Her reputation was high, from the productions which issued from her press. She was also noted for her correctness in proof reading.

Mrs. Zenger, the widow of John P. Zenger, who published the second newspaper established in New York, carried on the business for years after his death. She was a modest woman; the exact reverse of her husband, who managed to have as many libel suits on hand, as a certain literary character of our time. The consequence was, Zenger got into full intimacy with the prisons for giving public utterance to his liberal views. Mrs. Zenger conducted the "New York Weekly Journal" with ability, for three years until 1748.

Mrs. Mary Holt, widow of John Holt, and publisher of the New York Journal," in 1793, was appointed printer to this State. The paper did powerful service during the Revolution.

Anne K. Greene was born in Holland. In 1767, she succeeded her husband in publishing the Maryland Gazette, the first paper printed in that state. She executed the Colony printing, and continued the business to her death in 1775.

Mrs. Hassebotch.—The first printer in Baltimore was Nicholas Hassebotch. He was succeeded by his widow, who did up business with expedition. In 1773, a Missionary had a bible in his hand, explaining it to a party of Indians. He pronounced it to be "the gospel—the truth—the word of God." "What," said one of them, "did the Great All-Powerful make this book? "Yes," replied the Missionary, "it is his work."

The Indian taking the literal import of the words, answered indignantly, "I believe it to be a great lie. I go to Baltimore last month, when I see Dutch woman make him. The great spirit want no Dutch woman to help him."

Mrs. Mary K. Goddard, was sister to William Goddard of Rhode Island, who established the Maryland Journal. Coming from a state where free toleration was allowed, he was apt to write rather harshly. He was several times mobbed, and had to finally quit the state and return to Providence. His sister Mary conducted the paper for eight years, took in job work and acted as postmaster until 1784. She was spirited in her writings, and nothing but her sex saved her from frequent flagellations.

Mrs. H. Boyle, published a paper at Williamsburg, Va. in 1774. It favored the Crown, and lived but a short time.

Clementine Bird, succeeded her husband in the Virginia Gazette, in 1772. T. W. Jefferson was a contributor. She died in 1675.

Mrs. Elizabeth Timothee, after the death of her husband in 1773, continued publishing the Gazette, in Charleston, S. C. She conducted the press two years, when her son took it.

Anne Timothee, the widow of the son of Elizabeth, just mentioned, after the Revolutionary war ceased, revived the Gazette, which had been established by the elder Timothee. It had been discontinued while the British troops were in possession of Charleston. She was appointed printer to the state, and held the office until 1792.

Mary Crouch, was the widow of Charles Crouch, and born in Rhode Island. Her husband established a paper in opposition to the Stamp Act, in Charleston, S. C. Mrs. C. continued the paper until 1780, when she removed to Salem, Mass., and took her press and type with her.—She published a paper at Salem for some years, and returned to Providence, with a purse sufficient for "creature comforts" during life.

Penelope Russell succeeded her husband in printing the "Censor," at Boston, in 1771. She was a very industrious and active woman. She not only set up type, but while at her case, invoked her muse and put up type on tragical events in an interesting manner, without any written copy.

In Connecticut, Mrs. Watson, the widow of Ebenezer Watson, who died in 1777, continued one of the publishers of the Courant at Hartford, for two years when a gentleman of steady habits took her as his sleeping partner.

A man by the name of George Whitcomb shot his wife and child at Rindge N. H., lately while in a fit of intoxication.

A little boy, seeing a drunken man prostrate before the door of a grogery, opened the door, and putting in his head, said to the proprietor, "See here, neighbor, your sign has fallen down."

Oscar, King of Sweeden, has turned teetotaler, and is sending teetotal missionaries throughout his country to detail the blessings of temperance.

Beauty eventually deserts the possessor, but virtue and talents accompany him even to the grave.

For the Educational.

If education be diffused among the mass, it will do much to perpetuate liberty, and equality.—Free Schools by securing to all, those privileges otherwise enjoyed by a few, might seem to claim the attention of all those who are interested in their country's welfare—provided they are made as practically useful as they promise in theory.—In the cause of education there certainly should be an exception to the saying, that whatever is free to all, is necessarily lightly esteemed by all. It may be urged that the industrious and prudent do not wish to spend their money in educating the children of the idle and vicious—but is not this the surest way to prevent idleness and vice? We submit to taxation for the establishment of almshouses, jails and prisons, when at the same time, a proper education bestowed upon the inmates of them, might have prevented the degradation on one hand and the expense on the other.

It may be thought that every family should educate its own members. This might well apply, if all families were of the right kind; but unhappily more than one third of our population have no true knowledge of their responsibilities, and what is more they do not *care* to know. They are degraded by vice, and oppressed by extreme poverty, caused by intemperance, idleness and viciousness. Now, to what more noble or useful purpose, could the thrifty farmer, tradesman, or mechanic, appropriate a few dollars for which they have no immediate use, than for the education of those poor unfortunate children that have inherited from their parents only misery and want. To take such children by the hand, ere vice has sufficiently corrupted to render impervious to any good impressions, and place them under proper and thorough instruction, would seem indeed, an act worthy an individual or a nation. Again it may be said, that the free school system must extend not only to the education of our own citizens, but that a mighty flood of emigration has floated upon our shores thousands from the old world who will demand of us equal privileges.—Very good; if we want them to settle our wide spread prairies, to improve our roads and dig our canals, why should we not wish them also to have the benefits of a good education, which would nourish a spirit of independence and wear out by degrees a species of superstitious credulity which ignorance has implanted. It is true there are evils growing out of the abuse of any reform—but if in our country, which is certainly rich enough by nature and cultivation, sufficient funds are raised for the free, thorough, and practical education of teachers—if throughout the length and breadth of our land, numerous free schools are established, in which all the sciences gleaned from the three kingdoms of nature are taught together with their practical application—if materials for thought which are found here in such rich abundance become well understood and mentally digested—if in connection, morals and principles of action, which in themselves tend to the ennobling and exalting of the human character—if also such schools become so properly arranged that numbers may be in suitable ratio to teachers, so that all may have equal attention devoted to them, together with free access, and what might not be the result. Oppression and slavery, methinks would soon begin to hide their accursed heads—intemperance and vice receive an all-powerful rebuke—prisons and alms-houses become fewer in number, and in inmates—in fine under the parental guidance of such institutions of instruction, Americans might become *socially* and politically free.

Seneca Falls, Oct. 17. • • M.

☞ Parents have more reason to fear the influence of improper associations and impressions gained from street scenes, in forming the character and habits of their children, than any other influence whatever.

Cato said, "The best way to keep good actions in remembrance, is to refresh them with new."

THE LILY.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1849

A Blunder,

Of a serious nature was made in printing the October number of the Lily, by which the sixth and seventh pages were reversed, and which was not discovered until a large number were worked off. We were exceedingly grieved and mortified at this piece of carelessness, and both cried and scolded over it; all of which, however, was useless, as the deed was done past remedy, and we were obliged to send them out as they were. We have a number now on hand which read correctly, and which will be furnished (free of charge) to those who preserve them for binding, if they will notify us either personally, or by letter, *post paid*.

Second Volume of the Lily.

Contrary to our determination a month ago, we have been induced by the earnest solicitations of friends and patrons, to continue the publication of the Lily another year, if sufficient encouragement be given. We have looked about us in hopes of finding more able hands to whom we might resign our charge; but our search has been unavailing, and we have no alternative but to let the Lily die, or if it continues to bloom, to water and nourish it with our own hands. This, after much deliberation, and considerable reluctance, we have decided to do. We have, however, the promise of able assistance, which we trust will lighten our cares, and add greatly to the interest of our little sheet.

What measures will be taken to raise our subscription list, we cannot at present say. We hope those ladies and gentlemen abroad, who have rendered us so good service the present year, will manifest the same interest in our welfare in future. We presume all those who received and forwarded money to us for the present volume, will do the same again. Indeed we know that many will do this with pleasure. The Lily is now borne to far-off climes, and finds shelter in many distant homes; yet it is our wish to extend the circulation, and add strength to the already full grown flower.

We expressed a wish in our last to make the paper a semi-monthly. This we should be glad to do, but cannot promise that we will, until we know whether we are warranted in so doing.—Our labors and our expenses would thereby be doubled, and we should need a large increase of subscribers to meet it, at the price for which it is now published. There will therefore, be no change at present.

The general objects and features of the paper will remain the same, and it shall be our aim to make it a welcome visitor in every family. To the many friends who aided in rearing the Lily into its present strength and beauty, we would extend our hearty thanks for their kindness, and at the same time express the hope that they will lay us under still greater obligations, by a continuance of their support and approval.

In Chicago there is a drinking establishment for every sixty of the inhabitants. Who wonders at the mortality the last summer?

To our Friends and Subscribers.

It will be necessary that subscriptions for the second volume of the Lily, be sent in by the middle of December, at fartherest, as we shall wish to know what our prospects are for another year, and also what number it will be necessary to publish, in order to supply all with the full volume. We should like as far as possible to have all commence with the first of January. We now have frequent calls for the back numbers of the present volume, which it is impossible for us to supply earlier than June or July. This difficulty can be obviated another year, if our subscribers generally will send in their names in December.

Subscribers in this village wishing to renew their subscriptions, can do so by giving their names at the Post Office. Although we are well patronized at home, there are still many of whom we have to complain for not giving us their support. And we confidently hope that such will not be the case another year. As a general thing however, our paper is taken by the most intelligent and respectable portion of our community, and as far as we can learn meets with approbation.

In Vienna we have a good list of subscribers—equal in number to any place, except our own village. We last winter made personal effort there, and was very successful. We cannot well do the same again, yet we confidently hope that there will be an increase instead of a falling off, of our subscribers there. D. Stephenson, Esq., Post Master at that place, has consented to act for us, and will receive and forward to us all monies which may be paid to him. We think too, that we may name the Rev. Mr. Mandeville, as one who will gladly aid us in the same manner. Mr. M. is a fearless, thorough going temperance man, and has done much good service in the cause. We hope he will stir up the good people of Phelps on this subject.

We have made no particular arrangement for other places which we visited last winter, but think J. C. Strong, or Wm. Seely, of Waterloo, Hiram Wheeler, or Samuel Fitch, Post Master, at Cayuga, will either, or any of them, receive and transmit subscriptions to us. At Auburn through the kindness of I. F. Terrill, Esq., we have a large number of subscribers. Although we have not spoken to him on the subject, we think we may depend upon him for the like favor again. B. F. Everson, of Union Springs, A. M. Hammond, of Penn Yan, Miss H. Nickason, or R. B. Whitaker, of Albion, George M. Palmer, Hinsdale, H. L. Rowland, or Miss Harriet Bostwick, Newark, Arad Joy, Ovid, W. C. Kelly, Lodi, Miss A. Rundall, Amenia, E. L. Robbins, Utica, Peter Van Ness and Jason Smith, Tyre, Stephen R. Miller and John G. King, Romulus, Silas Judd, Perryville, E. O. Callen, Fleming, Mrs. S. R. Tuttle, Montezuma, C. C. Robinson, Moravia, C. G. Hamblin, Port Byron, I. M. Seaman, Cortland Village, and many others whose names we cannot now recall, have rendered us efficient service, and we doubt not will cheerfully lend us their aid and influence again. Post Masters generally, will receive and forward money if requested.

The owner of a building where rum is sold is as responsible as the vender of the article.

Thou shalt not Kill!

There are many people of both sexes who are horrified at the position taken by the friends of temperance, and look upon them as perverting the truth, and doing the vender of intoxicating drinks a cruel wrong, because they maintain that he is guilty of destroying life, and should be made answerable at the bar of justice equally with the thief, the incendiary, or the murderer.

But do they pervert the truth? Are they not justifiable in making such assertions? Does not daily experience prove the truth of them? Verily we think the truth is not half told, and that the dreadful crimes committed through the agency of the rumseller, can never be depicted in all their glaring deformity. Go to our Jails and State Prisons, and question their inmates—go to the lunatic asylums, and the poor houses, and ask of the wretched herd collected there—go to the orphan asylums and look upon tender innocence, robbed of its earthly protectors—go to the wretched tenements of the destitute and starving, with which our land abounds—go to the scaffold and gaze upon its victims—nay, look into the thirty thousand drunkards graves, which are annually dug, and then say if we pervert the truth. Ask of these lost and ruined millions, the cause of this moral devastation. All, all will point you to him who with smiling look but a fiendish heart, presented to their lips the poisoned cup, which has sunk them thus low in this life, and sent their lost souls to the regions of eternal despair.

The Almighty has said, "thou shalt not kill!" The law is positive. It does not say, thou shalt not kill with sword or pistol, but thou mayest with alcohol. We hold that if a man wilfully gives his brother aught which he knows is destructive of life, he is equally guilty with him who in a fit of passion, stabs his brother to the heart. Aye, and in reality more guilty, for in nine cases out of ten we believe that the murderer's hand is nerved to the deed by the poison administered by the other. The rumseller if enquired of, in regard to his brother man who once stood high in society, but who now is cast out a loathesome and degraded being, would doubtless answer in the language of Cain, "I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" Such is now their answer, but they may one day quail before the voice of the Almighty, when he shall pronounce in their ears the awful words, "THE VOICE OF THY BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIETH UNTO ME FROM THE GROUND." Although they may turn a deaf ear to the shrieks and groans of their dying victims—though they may now look unmoved, upon the desolation and misery which they are spreading over this beautiful earth—though they may prosper and grow rich upon the gains stolen from their ruined victims, though the hand of justice may be for a time averted, yet they are treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and sooner or later must meet with reward commensurate with their deeds. The blood of countless numbers, destroyed either directly or indirectly by alcohol is crying unto God against their destroyers. The sighs and prayers of unnumbered broken hearted women, are ascending to his throne. The pleadings of millions of his worse than orphaned children, are calling upon him to revenge them. A wail of anguish from all these is ascending up on high to be an

undying record against the destroying tyrant who now glories in his work. The vender of intoxicating drinks may put a salve on his conscience—he may steel his heart against all feeling—he may excite sympathy from the world, and claim that he is abused and belied, yet we fear all this will not avail to avert his impending doom. His Maker will listen to no such appeals, but will make requisition for blood, and call upon him to answer, "WHERE IS THY BROTHER?"

Worthy of Imitation.

We are informed that the majority of the clergymen in this village have resolved to address their respective congregations upon the subject of temperance, in the forenoon of the next Sabbath.—It is said that there are more than one hundred places in this village in which intoxicating liquor is sold. The most of these sell without license—trampling upon law, and corrupting the morals and bringing many to poverty, wretchedness and the grave.

The fate of some, who have been the hope of friends; the constant carrying or wheeling to the lock-house of the drunkard; the abuse of wife and children, which make many habitations the dwelling places of cruelty, show that it is high time for all denominations to awake.

[Genova Cour.

This is truly cheering and worthy of imitation. It is a startling truth that while this devastating scourge is sweeping over the earth with relentless fury, cutting down and strewing its path with its tens of thousands, corrupting the church, and dragging souls to eternal ruin, the great majority of the clergy are silent and indifferent on the subject. In vain may they essay to preach the gospel of peace and good will, if they also cry not out against the great cause of irreligion and immorality. Those who most need the benefits of the gospel can never be brought within its saving influence, while the doors of ten thousand groggeries stand open on the Sabbath, and an agent of Satan standing within each, luring the unsuspecting into the web which he is constantly weaving for the destruction of immortal souls. We have long seen the necessity of christian effort in this cause, and deplored the unfaithfulness of those who are set as watchmen on the walls of Zion. We truly hope that light may ere long dawn upon them, and that they may cast out prejudice, and break away the blindness with which they have so long been afflicted, to the hindrance of the gospel and the loss of many precious souls.

☞ Our readers will remember that in noticing the *Great West* a month or two since, we said some things not very flattering to its editor. Said editor after copying our remarks breaks out into the following strain of self-defence:

Was ever mortal editor so abused as our poor self! Here, as usual, are the sins of the whole establishment packed upon our head. Why, dear Madam Lily, don't you know you are doing us the greatest possible injustice? It wasn't us that quarreled with Mrs. Swisshelm; we never quarreled with a lady in our life, and wouldn't. We did grumble a little one week, about our letters; but as to forbidding the ladies to write us any more, you really *are* mistaken, we did ask them not to write unless they had something to say, a very reasonable request we thought at the time, but even that we took back afterward, and gave them full permission to write to us as much as they pleased. Then as to "ridiculing" your sex, and having "neither love nor charity" for you, why, we are both surprised and grieved, that such a thought should have entered your head.—If ever we meet with you, and we sincerely hope we may, it will be strange if you don't change your opinion of us very materially. In the meantime you can't change ours of you, for with due reverence be it spoken, we have looked upon the Lily as one of our pets and can't make up our mind to regard it in any other light.

Well, well; did we ever see such a nice get off as this! But it is so like an old bachelor. When he scolded so hard about the ladies, we dare say he was in a pet because some of them had invited him out, or perhaps ventured a proposal—or else some imprudent girl had disturbed his papers, or tread on his gouty toe which would put him out of humor with the whole sex. But as he is good natured again now, and so very kind and obliging, we are bound to alter our opinion, and extend him a cordial greeting—more especially since we know that we are one of his "pets."—If we did him injustice we are heartily sorry and beg forgiveness.

"SUN FLOWER."—We publish to-day the first of a series of articles, which are promised us, over the above signature. The writing is in an unknown hand, and would puzzle any one to tell whether it is from the pen of a lady or gentleman. And then such a signature!—it leaves us quite in the dark. We are no bottanist, and do not know its signification. Will some one skilled in the subject, please tell us whether the "Sun Flower" belongs to the masculine or the femenine gender?

We hope that the "Sun Flower" as it rears its head above the earth, may take a wide and truthful survey of the doings of man, and jot them down for the more humble Lily. We welcome the Sun Flower to our pages, and so long as it will act in concert with the Lily, for the promotion of good objects, we shall consider it a valuable auxiliary; but should it grow proud, and in its loftiness presume too much, the Lily will chide and reprove, and teach it that they who hold their heads the highest are not always the best.

☞ GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for November, is on our table, and so far as we have examined it, we think it an excellent number. The engravings are mostly good. "The Repose in Egypt," and "Household Treasures," are very fine. It strikes us however, that Joseph is too old and bald headed for a young husband. "Before Election" is drawn to the life, and the illustration by T. S. Arthur shows in true colors the manner in which many honest poor men are duped by designing politicians.

But really Mr. Godey, we cannot say much for your fashion plate. We think the first and second figure in very bad taste. Who ever saw a real flesh and blood woman look like the first figure. There may be some such, but we hope for the health and the credit of our sex, that they are scarce. We do wish if the men are going to make fashions for us, they would leave us room to breathe. Now that we have laid aside our corsets and stays, we think they should encourage us in letting our forms be as nature made them, instead of asking us to pattern after such wasp like waists as are displayed in the magazines.—The third and fourth figures are better, we like both the dress and mantelet very much.

Henry Neil and his Mother.

CONVERSATION NO 1.

Henry.—Now mother, said Henry, taking his seat by her side, my vacation has come, and you must redeem your promise to discuss with me some interesting question every day, and as I hope at some future day to identify myself with the glorious temperance cause as one of its advocates. I should like with you to review that whole subject in its various branches.

Mother.—I am glad my son, you have chosen for our first conversation a subject of such interest, and importance. Would that I were sufficiently informed to do it full justice; however, I feel that I shall be able to point out to you the right in all moral questions. To begin then with the monster intemperance, as he has many horns let us take hold of him by one at a time, give it a powerful shake and pull, and thus find out his weakest and his strongest points. First, let us consider him civilly, (tho' a most uncivil beast he is) or as a creature of law.

Henry.—Oh! mother, I am sorry you have begun with that horn, for the whole problem of government and law is beyond my comprehension, and so much has been said upon both sides of the "no license" question, that I am completely *mystified*.

Mother.—Then I have hit the very point on which you need light. The "no license" question is a simple one as are all questions of right and wrong. Men are seldom if ever troubled to know what is right, but when they come down one step to decide on what is politic or expedient, then opens a wide field for debate, on which the love of pure justice should not appear. The object of all just government is to protect the weak against the strong, and to make laws by which the greatest amount of happiness can be secured to the greatest number.

Henry.—Well, mother, this government certainly has no such object in view, it is from what you have mentioned quite the opposite. The helpless wife and children of the poor drunkard are not protected against the grasping rumseller, but on the contrary, the law allows him to strip our fields of their luxuriant crops, and torture what is intended for man's sustenance into a horrid poison, which if he will give the government a certain sum of money, he may sell to any one who sees fit to buy. How comes it with such an army of temperance men, with crowds of christians at our Polls, that a distillery is allowed to stand, or a rumseller hold up an unblushing face in our midst?

Mother.—The fact is, my son, that government thus far is a failure. Our leading men have invariably sacrificed what they know to be right, to their own personal popularity. They fully believe that there should be laws to prevent the distilling and vending of alcohol, but how many of them would sustain their law-makers in the passing of such laws, or their officers in seeing them enforced? Public sentiment is higher than law—laws in advance of the people are mere chaff.

Henry.—Then it seems that the first step to be taken in all reforms is to teach the people what is right, and is it not clearly right that no man should be allowed to poison his neighbor, either at once or by degrees? But in the meantime, while

getting public sentiment right, what would you do with your vote?

Mother.—To vote right is one way to right public sentiment. Let every man who is not a tetotaler, understand that he cannot be supported for any office, and his conversion might be considered hopeful, though there is one difficulty in this class of converts, they do not stay converted.

Henry.—I should think a majority in all our towns were temperance men, and public sentiment seems to be right, for the clergy generally have come into the ranks, and we hear no more of Christ's drinking wine, or the Bible allowing the moderate use of it, and now where are the laws? It seems to me we are in advance of them.

Mother.—I have my fears from the slow movement of the political engine in this matter, that very many of the temperance host are like some christians in our churches, mere nominal members, who seize on certain empty forms and let go the essential substance. But I do not know the statistics on this point of numbers. I must ask some of the "Lily ladies," and if it be true that the tetotalers do outnumber the wine bibbers, we shall have a right to demand that the drunkard be restored to his manhood, that the rumseller and distiller be at once educated at the expense of the State, for some higher employment, and that the rich harvests of grain that have hitherto been doomed to the horrid den and smoke of the infernal distillery, be sent across the mighty ocean, on missions of love, to the starving children of the Emerald Isle. Mrs S Clawson SUN FLOWER.

Written for the Lily.

Ultraism.

Much has been said within a few years upon the subject of ultraism. Much in denunciation of it. Although I can lay no claim to the term Ultraist, I am disposed to regard with charity those to whom it will apply. It may not be improper to enquire what is an ultraist? Lexicographers define it to be one who is active in effecting any radical reform. But it is applied to any one who is desirous of forwarding any principle more rapidly than the public may deem expedient or proper. An ultraist is always in advance of public opinion. He pursues with untiring energy an object which he believes will greatly benefit mankind. He may be prompted to this by the action of his reasoning powers; by the impulse of high moral or religious principles; by an elevated sense of right, or a strong feeling of benevolence. An ultraist never looks back—never looks around—but always directly forward. He aims to establish some favorite principle, and all his mental energies are concentrated for the accomplishment of his object. He disregards obstacles. Opposition only stimulates him to press forward with increased avidity. An ultraist is seldom truly understood by the mass of the people, but is regarded as a fanatic until success crowns his efforts, when he is applauded as a benefactor of mankind, and monuments of encomium are erected to his memory.

Columbus was an ultraist. He was a man of science, and had pondered much upon subjects connected with Geography. He was convinced that the Indies might be reached by sailing directly west. This formed the subject of his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night. He was looked upon as being wild, visionary and chimerical, until success compensated him for his privations and toils.

Our Pilgrim fathers were all ultraists. They held opinions which they believed to be right.—And rather than yield them, they suffered persecution and privations in their own country, and finally prefered to abandon their homes and settle in the wilds of America rather than renounce their principles.

Franklin was an ultraist. Even learned men amused themselves at his expense; and laughed at the idea of extracting electricity from the clouds. They regarded his experiments with a kite as mere child's play.

Patrick Henry was an ultraist. From the time of his first speech, in favor of the people, when by the power of his eloquence and reason he held an audience in breathless silence and amazement he was denounced as ultra. An ardent desire for freedom dwelt within his breast. And while others were fearful of the powers that governed them, and talked about going too far and too fast, he boldly avowed his determination to die or be free.

Fulton was an ultraist. He believed that steam might be made available in propelling vessels.—And although roughly opposed by his friends, he still adhered to what they termed his whim, to the entire sacrifice of his property.

John Howard was an ultraist. He spent his life in improving the state of prisons, in persuading his fellow men to be humane, to desist from punishing their brothers for misfortunes, and to condemn them to chains through a fiendish spirit of revenge. Luther was an ultraist. Lafayette was an ultraist. Wilberforce was a distinguished ultraist. Indeed I might with safety say that the originator of any thing useful to mankind is denounced as ultra.

It will be but proper to mention at least one of our own sex as an ultraist. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry spent a long and useful life in promoting the interest of others, particularly the unfortunate of her own sex. She visited the prisons of felons and insane, mingling with them with no protection but her angelic countenance, and sweetly musical voice, conscious of the usefulness of her high mission. She was opposed or neglected at first by king and commoner. Even aristocratic editors doubted the propriety of a female's pursuing the course she pursued, but subsequently eulogised her course. Fortunately during her life time the good effect of her labors were so very apparent that denouncers were obliged to become her friends, and kings welcomed her to their courts. She exerted an influence on the legislative body of her own country.

It is unnecessary to enumerate more. Let us not despise one because we cannot think as he does: but at least hear one's reasons before denouncing him. If one who is acknowledged to be a good citizen, declares that by unmitigated study he has discovered any thing which he thinks will be a benefit to mankind, he is entitled to our respect and a candid hearing at least. And is not one to be esteemed who, after long investigation, tells us that he has discovered an error in our conduct or opinion? I like ultraists: they are pioneers in religion, morality, science and literature. Let us encourage them by examining their productions; and if we think them right follow them. Let us not condemn those who are anxiously pressing forward in a good cause, but on the contrary, endeavor to surpass each other in our efforts to elevate the character of mankind.

And now after having written about ultraists, I have become somewhat emboldened myself, sufficiently to subjoin in place of my previous signature—"Anu," my whole name.

LYDIA ANN JENKINS.

Waterloo, Oct. 15, 1849.

"THE TRUE KINDRED."—We have received the first and second numbers of this new monthly, published at Akron, O., and devoted to Science and Reform. It is edited with ability, by Mrs. Sanford, and has for its principal object the elevation and intellectual culture of our own sex.—We are most happy to place the "True Kindred" on our exchange list, and we wish it the abundant success which we have no doubt it will merit.

☞ Those wishing to make their friends a New Year's present, would do well to subscribe for the Lily, and have it sent to their address.—Many presents are made of greater value as regards price, which we think are not as highly valued as would be a volume of our Lily. With each succeeding month the gift would be renewed, and the donor kept in remembrance. It would also be of more lasting benefit, for while another gift might be gazed at for a time, and then cast aside, this would store the mind with useful knowledge, afford food for thought and reflection, and lay the foundation of pure and virtuous principles.

Will gentlemen take the hint?

☞ The rumseller ruins his fellow men by the business which he follows. The fruits of his labors are poverty and destitution, suffering and misery, ruined health, blasted hopes, disappointed affections, untimely death, and the unceasing burnings of remorse and never ending despair.—And yet with all these fearful results before him, he continues his work. Around his path are strewn the hapless victims of his terrible occupation. Youth rises up to denounce him as the destroyer of its hopes. Old age reproaches him as with tottering steps and quivering limbs it plunges into the vortex prepared for it by the arts of this fell destroyer. But these move him not. His ears are deaf to the cry alike of youth and of age, and there is nothing but the strong arm of the law that can reach the traffic, and effectually restrain its fearful effects. And such a law society now demands. We have laws against the burglar and the highwayman, against the thief and the assassin; now society demands and will have laws for protection against the rumseller also.

EXPORTING A BAR ROOM TO CALIFORNIA.—Among other exports to California, says the Boston Traveller, we learn that the frame of a building for a hotel has lately left this city for San Francisco, accompanied by all the materials for an extensive bar-room. An experienced bar tender of this city has been engaged to follow the establishment, his wages being fixed at $200 per month.

Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less than thyself, and then refer to thine own judgment.

LIVE THEM DOWN.

Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, drudging, day by day,
Journeying painfully and slowly
On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown,
Shrink not, fear not,—LIVE THEM DOWN!

Though to Vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to Virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not Slander,
Jibe and lie thy soul must feel.
Jest of witling, curse of clown—
Heed not either,—LIVE THEM DOWN!

Hate may wield her scourges horrid,
Malice may thy woes deride,
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead,
Envy's spear may pierce thy side;
Lo! through Cross shall come the Crown!
Fear not foemen,—LIVE THEM DOWN!

From the Saturday Visitor.

Letters to Country Girls.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

Well, girls, about the dress making! The first step is to get the dress; and to be certain its worth making. To be so it should be *all* silk, *all* wool, *all* linen, or *all* cotton. These half and half mixtures are seldom worth cutting out.—Doctors of divinity say that the law forbidding the Jews to wear such was typical, and meant that Christians were to have robes made of Christ's righteousness entire, woven thread about with their own good works. I have an idea it was purely economical, and designed to teach them the general fitness of things. It is not fit that vulgarity should be woven into a woof of refinement—that depravity should be crossed, recrossed and interlocked with purity—that people of opposite principles and feelings should form close and intimate connexions. There may be shades of difference in character, different formations, different colorings; but the raw materials should be the same. Antagonistic principles will not live in harmony, any more than a dress with a cotton woof and woolen filling will continue to look well.

Avoid those materials that are meant to look like something else, than what they are, calicoes that look like de laines, &c.

Imitations are generally humbugs. It is best for everything to be what it looks like, and look like what it is.

A white dress is always pretty in fine weather. It is always becoming to a girl with a good complexion, and every girl has a good complexion who does not spoil it with some bad habits. The good Being never made anybody ugly; a great many make themselves so. He never made anybody with a *bad* complexion, the color of the skin is always suited to the climate, so that it is good in its natural place. Fair complexions are natural to Anglo Saxons, in this climate, and when a girl says her complexion is too bad to wear white, it is just the same as if she told you, "I have eaten too much rich victuals, drank too many hot stimulating drinks, lounged too much in close rooms, and worn too many tight strings around my waist to become a white dress."

The material of a white dress does not go out of fashion, and if its form does you can get more and alter it. With care it can be worn half a dozen times without washing. A black dress never goes out of fashion.

In buying your dress get something durable, something that will keep its color, and not be likely to go so much out of fashion as to look ridiculous. Get a firm, strong lining for the waist, cut that first, the back part straight, the front bias. Be sure it is very loose across the bust, and take very broad gusset seams, and curve them; that is, slope the same in very fast from where you start it at the top, until it is as broad as you wish. This slope should extend one third of the length, then one third straight, and the other third gradually sloped out until at the lower end it is but half as broad as the middle. If this seam is right you will have to cut part of the cloth out, to let the edge stretch. The chief art in making a dress feel comfortably and look gracefully, is in making the gusset seams the right shape. Not one mantuamaker in fifty knows how to make it, for not one in fifty knows how to draw a portrait. I would let no woman cut and make a dress for me who had not the natural talents for a portrait painter. A dress-maker should be an artist—one who knows and can draw all the graceful curves in the outline of a human form, such an one will never make a seam in the waist of a dress that can be marked with a straight rule. You should sew your hooks and eyes on the lining, and put on your whalebone cases before it is joined to the outside. Never let any heavy trimming go over the shoulder. It makes the shoulders look raised and Nature bade them droop. The less trimming you put on the better. A rich dress does not require it, and on a cheap one, it looks "I would if I could." What is more ridiculous than a low priced dress spattered with ruffles, folds, buttons, gimp and cord? Much trimming is an unmistakable sign of an empty head. You cannot possibly keep up with the fashions, which people start who have nothing else to do, and the attempt only looks ridiculous. The plainest dress is always most genteel. There is something that commands respect in an evident absence of pretension, therefore the more plainly a dress is made the more likely it is to continue to look well.

I never get quite out of the fashion, and seldom wear a dress less than seven years; get on an average two in a year, and always have a large supply; alter none unless to mend it, lay out less for clothing than most girls who hire out to do house work; and when I dress up am as fine as maybe. You know there are things of which we say 'They will always look well'—meaning that it has some real merit apart from all the whims of fashion. Well, *always* get that kind of an article, make without fandangoes, take care of it, and you will always be well dressed. Many a farmer's daughter lays out as much for dress as should make her look like a countess, and never has one good article. Most likely you have given as much for a gay cashmere dress with fringe, gimp, buttons and cord to trim it as would have bought a good French marino or silk. Your gay dress soon looked faded, or old fashioned, the other you might have had for twenty years; and it always would have been lady like, while a parcel of cheap trimming puts one in mind of an Indian's glass beads, beside keeping the wearer forever fixing, fitting and sewing.

One thing never forget, always make the sleeves of your dress either long or short, so as to meet the glove fully or else to fall back and show the arm. This fashion of having an inch or two of the wrist sticking out between a tight band and a glove is too ugly for anything. But pshaw! what is the use of talking to you? Maybe all this time you are ugly yourself, and if you are it is not a bit of matter what your clothes look like. Lazy, cross, unkind people are all as ugly as sin, and a bear skin to wrap them in is the best dress. Or may be you are a kind hearted, laughing creature, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and sauciness enough to think you look well in anything. Well, I will not scold about it if you do not sit sewing on it so long as to stoop your shoulders, or pale your cheeks, and do not make it to tight.—Be sure you have plenty of room to breathe, or your bright eyes and red cheeks will soon leave you.

Brandy is a leveller, a headacher, a consumer of substance, a destroyer of health, a regulator, an instigator of riot and bloodshed, a breaker of domestic peace, and a fruitful source of misery and crime.

Refined taste often makes us appear insensible, as want of refined taste often makes us enthusiastic.

Sacrifice to Principle.—Mr. Goodenow, the temperance landlord of the Washington Coffee House, fitted up the basement of his hotel last Spring, which he offered to rent for some respectable purpose. He was called on the other day by an individual who examined the apartments, and then inquired the price. He was told that it would be $200 per year. On intimating that he would take it, Mr. Goodenow asked the gentleman what business he proposed to apply it to.—He replied, "the liquor business." "You can't have it," was the quick response of the landlord. Some words passed, when the liquor dealer said he would give him $500 if he would let him have it. "You can't have it for double five hundred; I consider my soul of more consequence than my pocket," was the final reply, and rummy made his exit. [Chronotype.

What is the universe but a hand flung in space pointing always with extended finger unto God?

Birds are the poor man's music; and Flowers are the poor man's poetry.

Honor yourself and you will be honored, despise yourself and you will be despised.

THE LILY.

A Monthly Periodical, devoted to Temperance and Literature.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY LADIES.

The second Volume of the Lily will commence on the first day of January, 1850. It is devoted to the cause of Temperance and moral and religious Literature. It is edited and published by Ladies, and to Ladies it will appeal mainly for support. It is woman that speaks, and she will strive to be heard through the columns of the LILY, and it will be one of the main objects of its conductors and writers, to arouse her more effectually to use her influence in arresting the terrible evils of Intemperance,—to point out and sustain her true position in society—to assert and maintain her just rights, and to open a medium through which her thoughts and aspirations may be developed.

While it is intended that the advocacy of Temperance shall be the paramount object in the publication of the Lily, yet LITERATURE will take a prominent place on its pages. Chastening in its influence—ennobling the mind—expanding the intellect with knowledge—a beautiful and appropriate hand maid is given to Temperance by this association.

The LILY will be published on the first of each month, and promptly transmitted to subscribers. Should the number of subscribers be sufficiently large to warrant it, it may be published twice a month, for a part of the year. It will be printed on good paper, of fair quarto size.

TERMS OF THE LILY.

One copy, one year,			0,50
5	"	"	2,00
10	"	"	4,00

All subscriptions MUST be paid IN ADVANCE.—Communications, and letters, containing money, or otherwise, should be addressed (post paid) to "The Publishers of the Lily," or to

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.

November 1, 1849.

Temperance House,

AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no effort will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.